

COCKTAIL,
WAVES
AND ARCHER

poems by
VIRGINIA HELZAINKA



MAHIMA

COCKTAIL, WAVES AND ARCHER
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PRAISES FOR COCKTAIL, WAVES AND ARCHER

Reading Virginia's poetry is like being in a journey searching a definition. Particularly on self-definition which appears in the characters behind each title. The line 'I'M FINE MOM' on *HOME FEELS HOME* creates an attachment feeling to anyone who reads it. Her poems are very personal and visual. For me, the description of pondering the simple things like falling in love in *PRINCE HANS* and gutted in *ARCHER* and *8 WORDS STORY* gives a specific picture. Interestingly, Virginia does not get stuck on the need for long words to emphasize self-existentialism in her poems. These poems will be a nice friend in your alone time at dusk while contemplating with a coffee in hand in drizzling rain.

Putri Ayudya, *Puteri Indonesia Intelejensia 2011*

Such daring letters about love/hate relationships to life, relationship and self-acceptance. The narrative of words is simple and carries deep meanings. This is an honest & very personal work about coming of age.

Andri Cung, Film Director *The Sun, The Moon, and The Hurricane*, *Kisah Carlo & Gila Bule Gila*

Cocktail, waves and archer is a captivating collection of poetry about life. A beautiful book that will make you see in a different light. A wonderful read.

Kelly Goudreou, Fellow Poet on Instagram @poeticpiper

*For all the words left unsaid,
let it be written.*

FOREWORD

Kadek Sonia Piscayanti

Virginia Helzainka, is a young writer who is very passionate about writing her own voices. Her poems talk about life around her, about self-existence, self-questions, or self-monologue (interior monologue). The theme is presented through her criticism about physical perspective as women, mother influence and power, and search of love.

To write those theme, Virginia does not write a metaphorical poetry, she tends to write in a prosaic form rather than verse form. It is her strength because as she wrote through, words are like the linking ideas from which a story is born, running through naturally. As she wrote more narratively driven than poetically driven, we are burst into the experience she was in. She invited us to join her journey and her minds through narrative presentation.

First, I am going to write about her language and style. Her style is narrative as she talks about story, her poems are vivid and clear. As I quoted from *Home Feels Home*,

*"One holiday I'm back home
We sat together for dinner
I knew in some point it might come up, so
I told her story what it's like living in Bali for college is a mix of
bringing work to holiday or holiday to work
yet
She focused on was how chubby my cheeks were
I said that's because I was chewing but then she noticed
how so out of size my upper hands looked,
also how tan my skin was
and close it up with a short tips and tricks to eat less rice"*

This poem is a story. We found character, setting, point of view and the problem. The delivery is fluent, smooth and natural. She doesn't use much metaphors, even with no metaphors at all.

Another poem is her search of mother's ideal figure. The example is in "Mother";

"Mainly, Overprotecting, To show, Her, Everlasting, Rain of love"

Here Virginia uses selective words. Though this is not using a narrative style rather explores on micro poetry, we can see that this poetry is not using metaphorical language. There is no other interpretation needed. We understand that Virginia praises her mom, though she uses strong word such as "Overprotecting".

Second, I am going to talk about the theme.

The theme of criticism on women physical body can be seen in several poems like in "When The Queen Told Her To Look Pretty" and "The Perks of Being Ugly". She strongly criticized that people usually see the surface of look rather than quality. In a social life, sometimes ugly person (in the criteria of most of people) is bullied, and unacceptable. This shows that there are things to be fixed about the perceptions of ugly and beauty. Virginia, again, doesn't use metaphors. She uses denotation to make her ideas clear and convincing.

The next theme is self-monologue or interior monologue. As it can be seen through the poem "Pull Over"

*"Don't you lose your faith
Don't you lose your hope
'Cause when you
get lost in the maze of mirrors"*

*break them all and
make room to grow
When you get out,
see all the faces stand there
Treasure them and walk another trip”*

Without intention to teach, she tends to talk to herself about the meaning of the journey in life like how it's always changing. This can also be read from “A letter to younger me”

*“Dear younger me
I take the blame
For every time
You hear they say ‘you’re ugly’ and you believed them
I take the blame
For every time
You hate yourself so much as they say ‘your nose is too big’
Or ‘your skin is too dark’ and ‘your stomach will never flat’
I’m sorry
Sorry that you had to feel sorry for your body”*

The last theme is love. Love is personal, and love is for every youth. She fell in love then she wrote it in a poem. Like in “Archer”, she fell in love with short and brave statement. Even for love, she doesn't need metaphors. Trully I can say, metaphors die here. Because life is already a metaphor.

Enjoy this book, be happy and be joyful, poem is meant to be made meaningful and beautiful.

Singaraja, February 2017
Kadek Sonia Piscayanti

THANK YOU

First of all I would like to thank God Almighty. Blessing me with bravery and strength to keep on writing and pursue my dream.

To Kadek Sonia Piscayanti, a teacher, a mentor, an editor, who I can talk to like a friend, for whom this book would not happen without her endless support.

To my mother, Emy Indaryani. An independent woman, a strong mother, a fighter. Whom I learned a lot from about life. They are not all red roses and green grass, but you made climbing, digging, swimming and walking through life more meaningful. Thank you for the love that sometimes I still find it hard to digest, or even wrapping it back to you in pink bows. But I will always try mom.

To my illustrators; Olwin Aldila, Ochie DeMeulenaere, Nyoman Trijaya, Rena Borjas, and Vetta Tovanneu. Seeing how these poems turn into images is another amazing experience I get to feel. Thank you for your beautiful hands for creating them!

Lastly, all my family and friends and everyone who helped me to make this book come true; Helmi Zainuri, Akhlia Ayu Helzainka, Made Adnyana Ole, Rusal Musa, Susan Llewelyn, Ilya Sumanto, Ayu Meutia, Gustra Adnyana, Putri Ayudya, Andri Cung, Kelly Goudreou, I Wayan Sumahardika, Desi Nurani, Putri Handayani, Ida Ayu Puspita, and everyone in Komunitas Mahima.

Singaraja, February 2017
Virginia Helzainka

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Thank You x

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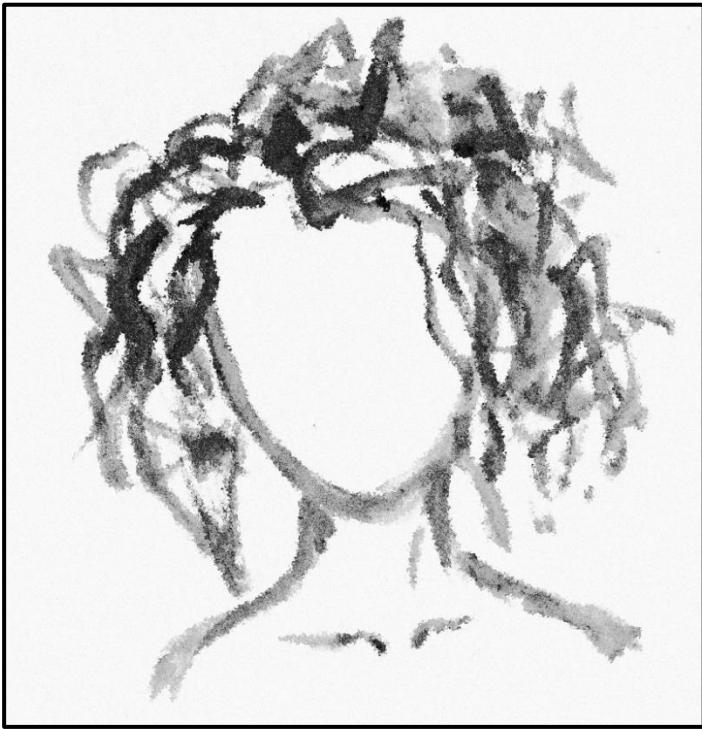
WHEN THE QUEEN TOLD HER TO LOOK PRETTY

When the Queen told her to look pretty
She meant how
She wanted her to apply 3 layers of foundation
She wanted her to change the shape of her cheek,
her forehead, her chin, her nose
She wanted her to border her lips
She wanted her to curl her crown
She wanted her to hang gold by her ears

When the Queen told her to look pretty
She means how
She wanted her to change the t-shirt, the leather jacket
She wanted her to pick another color
She wanted her to wear only pearl, only diamond
She wanted her to wear the skirt

When the Queen told her to look pretty
She meant how
She wanted her to pick a softer smell
She wanted her to be 5, 10 inches taller
She wanted her to not smiling too big, or laughing too
loud, hides her teeth while doing so

When the Queen told her how pretty she looked
The Princess turned around towards the mirror and,
Saw a reflection of a pretty mannequin



By *Virginia Helzainka*

HOME FEELS HOME

It's the third day
So when my phone rings,
I know exactly who it is
It's the same person
The same thing to talk about
The same response I'm gonna say
Like an instagram video looping and looping and looping

It's 9.40 in the morning
And it's been ringing for 30seconds now
It's even too early for self-loathing, mom
I don't wanna start the day
With a soggy breakfast and shame-tasted milk

It all started when I leave home for college
Then all these crazy worries you invented mountain up
Growing this home Island that feels stranger than eating
spaghetti with a spoon
I couldn't feel the home when I'm back home
As mom would bring that up conversation every minute
possible disguised as a "bonding" with her daughter I
can't run from

One holiday I'm back home
We sat together for dinner
I knew in some point it might come up, so
I told her story what it's like living in Bali for college is a
mix of bringing work to holiday or holiday to work
yet
She focused on was how chubby my cheeks were
I said that's because I was chewing but then she noticed
how so out of size my upper hands looked,

also how tan my skin was
and close it up with a short tips and tricks to eat less rice

On to cease the tense, I told her my amazing experience
working in a festival while waiting on mom to finish her
plate

Trying to make the curve's up on my face
Then the next thing I hear was
A lecture how I should take care of my body
if I am seen more in public to be more like those
newscaster on tv,
"do you know how to contour you face ?"
I know I don't have the curves anymore on my face
Complete with a conclusion that I
can't have a good future if I'm not pretty

If I am ?

On the airport
Goodbye is inevitable,
She tried to hug me with those words,
Whispering to my soul
"Please remember to eat less, just skip your dinner and
fasting"
Less rice?

Stranger land feels more like home than my home
With no warning bird chirping on each grains of rice I'm
eating
Yo I get it
You're easier to remember
with a pretty face model sized body
But Mom,
You told me all that as if
Getting fat associates with me never loved myself
Getting darker skin means I never took care of my body

Never style my hair's saying I never put an effort look
pretty

I want to have that banner over our front door says
home sweet home

But the printing guy said the first requirement is to only
when home feels like home so,

Mother

I don't want people to remember me
by the face they want me to look like
I need a bigger pair of jeans
'cause I'm happy tasting new food I'm learning to cook
My skin's darker 'cause I love to go out now
Not the mall you used to take me
But to the beach, waterfalls, open ocean, treasures my
beautiful country have
And I'm loving this
I let my hair grow 'cause now I like my wavy hair
Thank you for doing an experiments for 8 years
trying to show me how I look like with straight hair
I don't hate it, but I like my lion hair now,
Fits me better

It's 9.44 in the morning,
I have 2 missed calls and one incoming
So here I am playing the loop,
I can't cover my ears 'cause you're my mother
But I have this clenching fist and grinding teeth
And a bomb in my lungs that you pulled the trigger
explodes
I'M FINE MOM
I'm fine with my body
I love them
I don't have regrets

I've always been the big one
‘Cause I want to show them I'm an Alpha
‘Cause whatever part of me upper lower left right fits
I would roar proudly
My arse love number 34 and my favorite letters are
X and L

A LETTER TO YOUNGER ME

Dear younger me
I take the blame
For every time
You hear they say ‘you’re ugly’ and you believed them
I take the blame
For every time
You hate yourself so much as they say ‘your nose is too
big’
Or ‘your skin is too dark’ and ‘your stomach will never
flat’
I’m sorry
Sorry that you had to feel sorry for your body
As you failed to seek the truth in one / two / fifty flips
of the magazine
Only to feel,
‘They aren’t me’
White skin, long hair
Slender legs, thigh gap
Nothing like you
‘Cause you got zero sharp looking on your body
‘Cause you got zero sharp looking on your body

When you were six
mom told you to wear a really short skirt
Then you sat like you hold a pee for the whole day
When you were twelve you are keeping your hijab
Because you can’t answer every why’s
people in new school would ask when they know your
previous Islamic school
When you are seventeen you will realize you are not
socially advanced, genetically super awkward, loving

too hard on something or even someone who cannot
love you back

But you can't stop trying to change those facts as people
keep bombarding you with how-to-be-normal box kit as
if you are a machine to fix

Dear younger me,

Once, a lil boy told you 'you looked so ugly'

He didn't want to play with you

Only taught you, there are selfish ignorant racist sexist
people exist, that crying or hate speech won't change the
way they think, so just leave, you'd know better who to
be friends with

Once, a girl will tell you 'you look ugly'
no matter how many selfies you take
they're all look ugly'

Only taught you that number of likes on instagram
doesn't equal your number of friends

Once or twice you'll hear they say

You're ugly

You're ugly

You're ugly

U for Unbreakable

G for Generous

L for Loving and caring

Y, why thank you for the compliment

Dear younger me,

Shadow is attached to you following like a little duckling

Listen darling,

have your chin up facing where the sun's shining

Where the stars sparkling, where the rainbows glow

Stand like a sunflower in September noon

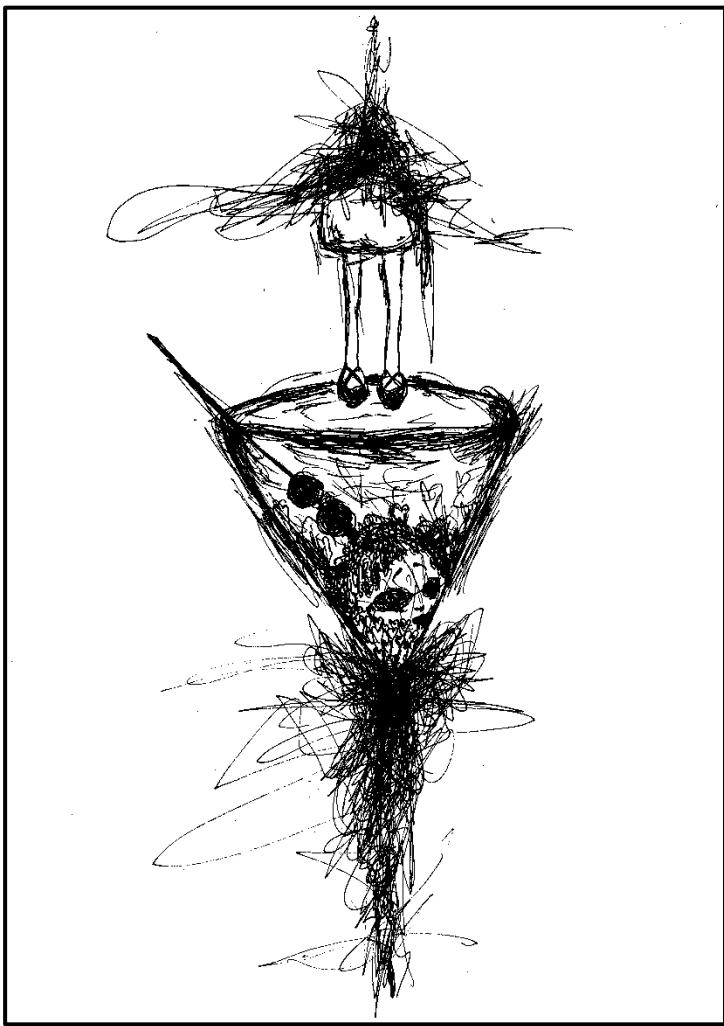
Let the shadows stay

On your back

Then grow

Grow like a flower I know you are
Like a lily,
your present's soothing those around
Like a cherry blossom,
your smile brightens people's day
Like a lotus,
you can bloom even in the dirtiest water
Would you call a flower ugly?

Dear younger me,
They don't see you over skin, hair, fat, bones,
But they do see you pass the love notes over the next
chair, quickly, secretly,
How you scoot over so there's more space
How you hold the door
How you hold the elevator
How you reach out your hands first
How you let a lady holding one single item to
check out first
They don't see you over skin, hair, fat, bones,
They see you smile
With your eyes and with your heart



By Ohwin Aldila

COCKTAIL

Look at you,
Cocktail in hand
Theme song of the silver heels
Cherry charmer of the party

Tailing you,
And adorable apricot
Who's just nuts about you
Pouring enchanted citrus to the glass

One sip you took,
Unveil a fabulous forest
that once behind eyelids
Then a tasty smell of prune passion hovering
“Rhubarbara... Dance with me”

Swooning you,
Into the feel of magic mousse in lips combat
Hands acrobat
Catch a bat
In a spice trader

Swooning you,
Lost in the first date's glitter
Sweeter than chocolate manhattan
Higher than blue mountain
Faster than hurricase
Dark and stormy

Look at you now,
..foggy lenses
..hanging frame

..theme song of heavy breath
Only to be left a note
“From whiskey with Love”

NIGHT SOUNDS

A dark sky
White shadows of the clouds almost invisible
Silhouette of the houses and tress
Lights stream down the empty streets
A weird bug flying across my face
Looks like a little butterfly with a full belly
Motorbikes passing by heard couple times
Noisy for a couple seconds
But not as annoying as the ones from down the stairs
Not as loud the motorbikes yet
Sends heat to my ears and my lungs

I searched for *The Beatles* and pressed play *Hey Jude...*

*Hey Jude, don't make it bad
Take a sad song and make it better
Remember to let her into your heart
Then you can start to make it better*

I grabbed my guitar and strum a D chord
Guess a high note doesn't calm noisy cats downstairs
Let me try G chord
...or lower...
Patience had the heat on my ears
travels down to my fingers
I strum it harder on E chord
Loud enough to made the cats notice

They are still screaming
But now in whispering voice

I could not see any white shadows in the sky

Guess some waters would drop on my face soon
I could smell the earth getting wet
And the roof starts getting chilly
I grab my guitar and crawl back to bed

One long squeaky bed,
A blue blanket over my toes,
Making sure headset is in play
I pressed play again on *Hey Jude*

*And anytime you feel the pain, hey Jude, refrain
Don't carry the world upon your shoulders
For well you know that it's a fool who plays it cool
By making his world a little colder
Nah nah nah nah ... nah*

I pulled my blankets higher quickly as I heard footsteps

Standing by the door,
one of the cat is obviously observing me
Even if with my eyes closed I can feel it
The stare is burning through my clothes
She thought I keep moving 'cause I was cold
So she tucks me in tighter

I didn't sense the other cat around
I didn't hear any door slammed either
I didn't hear any broken glass
I guess they stopped screaming for real now

Paul, John,
sing me to sleep
*..Remember to let her under your skin
Then you'll begin to make it
Better... better better better better, ohh
Nah.... nah nah nah nah nah nah...
nah nah nah nah..., hey Jude*

3 THINGS I LEARNED FROM BEING A GIRL WHO ISN'T GIRLY

If boys don't cry
Girls don't shout
'Cause boys are strong
And girls are weak

If boys get tattoo
Girls get contour
'Cause boys are wild
And girls are... polite

If boys have short hair
Girls have long hair
As boys wear pants
And girls wear skirt

Blue black
Pink white
Everything's must be classified
Everything's must be categorized

Customize isn't a choice
You don't follow, you don't count
You don't follow, you are not recognized
That's what I was thought as a girl
To be seen
As a real girl
As a girl who isn't girly,
here's what I learned

One,
While boys learn how not to cry
Girls are crying because of them
We are used to hear ‘it’s okay to cry’
But I refuse to be weak
I’ll face him and roar in fierce
Instead of getting a headache
I am getting up for a proof
What you’ll miss
‘Cause I am well damn worth it
And for that I got named “bitch”

Two,
There are two kinds of girls,
In his eyes
Those who fancy natural look
And those who’s full on glam up glitters
Both are different yet the same
And both would agree that
A girl who doesn’t paint her lips
Who isn’t walking on tip toes
Who doesn’t wrapped up her curves tight
Are nothing but a stand-up comedy material,
An extra sidekick character,
in a phase,
confused,
lost.
But I refuse to follow
In the most clear headed promise I say
I don’t want to doll up to show up
I am my own picture
I am my own picture
I am my own picture
And for that they ditched me from ‘girly’ category

Three,
Mom's least favourite outfit is my most favourite
But she never says a thing
When I showed up with big smile and new hair
My friends laughed, shocked, disappointed
No words spilled from me yet,
Yet I am showered with "boy" stamps
All over my face
But no,
I will wear my new plaid
with bow tie and suspenders
I will get the "boy" cut if I want
I am my own picture
I am not a math you can fit in a column
I am my own colour
I am not a girl that match your checklist
'Cause my lists are countless
My character is bigger, numberless
I am a girl who will wear my new plaid
with bow tie and suspenders
I will get the "boy" cut if I want
And I will look damn good



By Rena Borjas

SYRIAN

For the spirit of survivors

Strings way too tight bite the skin
Sew through the bones and jammed within
Days passed as faith is wearing thin
Speak a wish is just lock us in

Smokes way too dark it burden the lungs
Crept up the veins and darken the blood
Days passed and screaming is not enough
Waving hands in videos is what they want

We don't wish a red cape flying over
Flashing red laser wrecking down the barricade
We long for a hero to pass the border
Who would save my little one's future
We long for a magic to raise a safe land
Where the air doesn't smell like blood
We long for a storm to wash all the hate
What has been creeping up dirt to their little toenails

Whisper me dear,
Where did Eden hide his garden
Where did Eve meet her Adam
As if it only exist to them
And we're merely puppets in our so-called home

MOTHER

Mainly
Overprotecting
To show
Her
Everlasting
Rain of love

IF MY DAUGHTER WAS GAY

If my daughter was gay I wouldn't know what to say

Should I approach her in religious way?

GOD WILL HATE YOU

AND FORBID YOU FROM HIS HEAVEN

But I am no God

I wouldn't even know if I am welcome in His home

If my daughter was gay I wouldn't know what to say

Will I blame myself for the way I raise her?

Questioning every single decision I once believed made
for her own good

Or should I question her friends

Who could possibly turn her gay?

Is it Julia? Tommy?

It can't be Aishaa, right?

If I found a love letter

Under her pillow said "Dear ...*a girl name*"

I'd silently fold it back

I don't want her to zipped up under a stress I caused

So if my daughter was,

I still don't know what to say

I wouldn't even know how to feel

But if that's MY daughter

I know I can't ignore

I will cook her favourite dinner

Turn up her favourite music

Listen to her tunes, I won't let her dance alone

I'll match my move to the beat she plays on

So then we can sway together in rhythm

TO SOMEONE WHO WILL NOT CARE

to someone who will not care
if I eventually only comfortable in sweatpants

to someone who will lie to me
about eating my nachos

to someone who will not call me tonight
neither will pick up my call
if I have an exam tomorrow

to someone who will not appreciate
my drinking routine

to someone who will pay no attention
to other girls but me in a party

to someone who will not support me
if I want to go home alone at night

to someone who refuse to respect me
if I don't respect myself

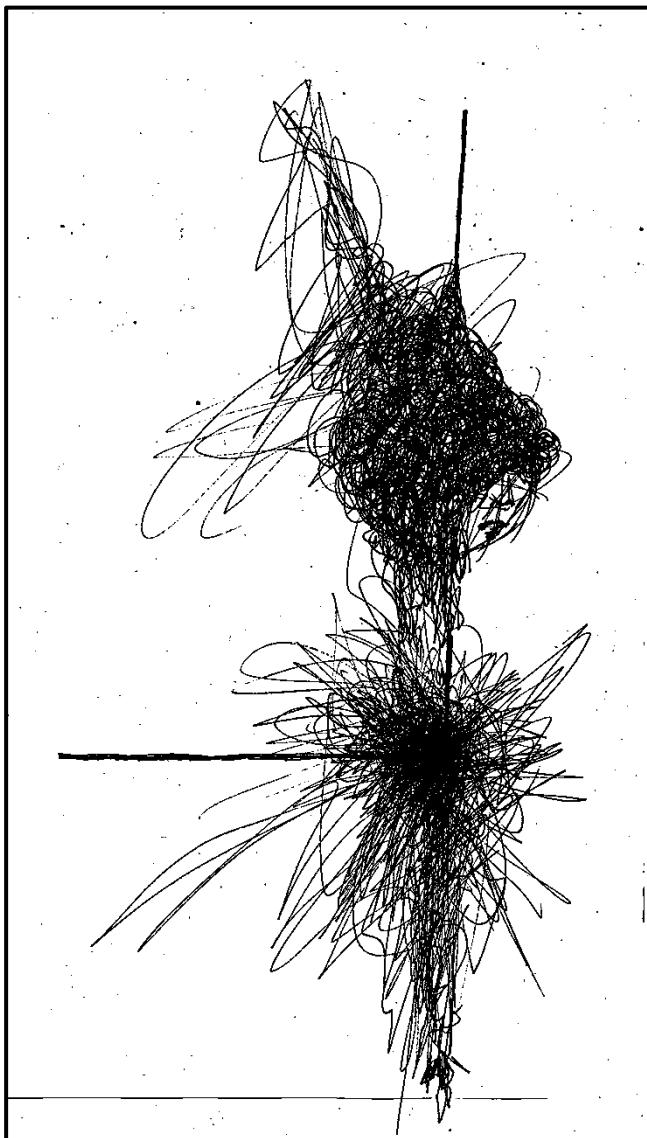
to someone who will cheat on me
on who loves the most

won't hug me when I cry
rather tell me you like my smile
hand me a cup of tea,
and blow the heat surround me

you may not be poetic in words,
telling me how things will be alright

but a cup of tea from your hand
keeping the romance in pace,
has its own peace to our story

to you,
one day
I would say 'I do'



By Olwin Adila

THE PERKS OF BEING UGLY

So there is this definition of beautiful
For Asians, for Indonesians
It's a chart of X and Y
As X defines how white you are
While the Y says how thin you are
There is no height factor 'cause
We all know Asians are mostly short
So if your skin is lighter than the sun
And you have zero amount of extra fat that
Makes you have a high score on the Y
Then you'll have the perfect formula
Perfect result that you are very beautiful

See as a girl to look beautiful
is essentially important
According to,
You.

If I want to impress you in a job interview
If I want him to like me
If I want to have friends and not getting bullied
If I want family, not regretting for having me
If I want my voice to be mattered
If I want to be accepted

I,
However,
According to the chart
Do not have the result as you want me to
Which concludes another formula that I,
am ugly

Ugly is such an ugly word
Many of you would rather say
“Less attractive”
In hoping it would be more tolerable
But Less,
Less
That word hurts even more
Less
That word cuts deeper
Less
That word is, worse
Less
Means you only see with half of your eyes

Actually,
Being “Ugly” isn’t so ugly
I don’t get catcalled
It’s not that dangerous to go out at night alone
My clothes do not compress me, rather comfort me
I can have my space on public transportation simply by having no expression
Sometimes, people think this face staring at the books more than other kinds of faces
So they would always think I am smart
And somehow, I could be famous for my face without being fake
I am easily noticeable too in the crowd, even when I am fully clothed
But not as easy at night without a light

So next time I hear someone tell me that
Fuck. You.
If you think you can make me cry
That ain’t work
If you think you make me feel less of me
That ain’t work

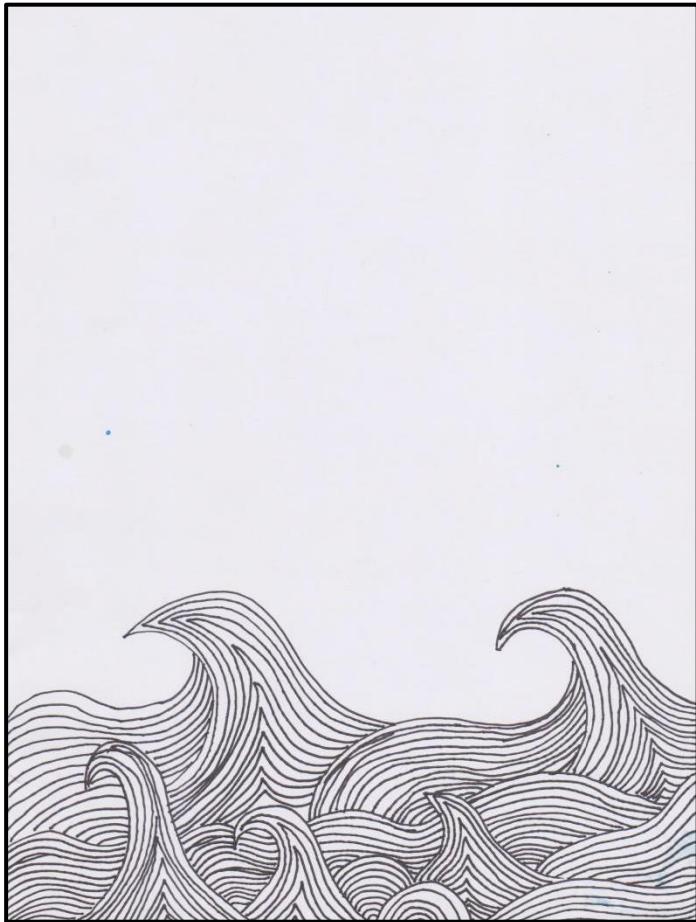
If you think that will hurt me
Congratulations
Words work better than you actually stab a fork on my
hand
No I know you didn't mean to
You meant to tell me the truth so I'll work on that ?
You meant to joke about it ?
You meant to... I don't know ?
Other excuses but the truth ?
Say "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger" ?
Next time I hear someone tell me that I am ugly
Why thank you for paying attention to me,
You should know what you just said is
uglier than my face and
Fuck the charts



By Ochie DeMeulenaere

HIMAWARI

I want to be Sunflowers
Bow down when it's dark
Yet knowing the wake of the sunlight
Keep breathing waiting for the time
And when I see it
I will chase it
With no rush,
But in patience and elegance
Standing tall facing up the sky
Open arms absorbing the rays of sun
Then paint every spectrum to my petals



By Vetta Tovanneu

WAVES

*A response to Sonia Piscayanti's prose
"Woman Without A Name"*

If she was the waves
Then I am the shore
I can see her from afar aiming at me
running running running
My heart's pounding
waiting
The sensation
As she splashes on me
And I'm all wet
I let her gracefully dance into each grains of my sand
On, under, in between, all the way she likes
Just as I felt how soothing it was
Embracing the current devours me
Rushing back she is to the ocean
Left me nothing but
A beautiful curves and darken sand
I can still see her from afar
I say "I won't hold you to keep,
but come again as you wish"

CHARLEE

Close your eyes and I see
Majestic geranium petals blooming
Open them and I see
Forbidden forest whispering
Like the ocean suck the whales to swim deep
Mesmerizingly, floating the lost ship
As to you my compass keep pointing

Your honey golden hair lovely shines
A pleasure to who sees
Blur the mind whether to lay a hand
on those heavenly strands of goddess threads
or merely adore for afar

Your smile is like the spring in Vancouver
Ease the winter
Shift the summer faster
Like a fever brings warmth to my skin
Melts the ice within me

Your feature's a painting of God's hands
The firmness of the brushstrokes
Pure beauty all it shows

MATE

You make me look less cool

No, I make you way cooler

I'm being awkward with you

But I don't mind

I say and do a lot of
weird things in front of you

I'm a little weird too, in fact
I could be dirty minded

I can handle that

I procrastinate a lot

I can help you with that

I could be annoying

True that, but I'm mad a lot

I'm sorry I didn't mean it

And I pout a lot

I'll get you ice cream

I am sorry

It's fine

And if I don't wanna talk?

I'll still be here for you

If I can't stop talking?

I'm listening

If I push your button?

I'll give you a warning notice

I'll make sure to read every letters

You know,
you make me look less cool

Nu-uh

U-huh

Nu-uh

U-huh

We're stubborn

So stubborn

Still, we finish each other...

..sandwiches

That's Anna and Hans

Only we're real

You made my day

You will always

Will you mate?

Aye, mate



By Olwin Aldila

MELTED

there are days
where my tears burn through my
iron mask and I had to take a day off
from
saving people
to save myself



By Nyoman Trijaya Suparyanta

ARCHER

you hit me like an arrow
if I let it stay I can't move
but the only way to remove it
hurts as fuck

8 WORDS STORY

getting used
to not
getting used
to you

PRINCE HANS

If love could speak he'll sound like moonlight sonata
He'll reach out his hands to mine
Under a hundred hanging crystals
Proposing a waltz and a wine
In a figure of Prince Hans
A perfect frame of one of a kind
If love could dance he'll sway like Elvis Presley
And I can't help falling in love...
With his cheesy pick-up lines
If love would exist, in Disney princess' life
Everything would be just fine
The sun and the moon will shine
So bright blinds our soul,
left only a dim light for us to see
let alone to touch and feel
what it's like for real

PULL OVER

A song for survivors

It's okay to
Pull over, side of the road
I think you should
If your flats tire it's dangerous

It's okay to
Pull over, take a step out
Far from her reach
If it will only kill you

It's okay to
Swimming over to the shore
I think you should
If your boat's sinking it's dangerous

It's okay to
Take a breath over the surface of
Poisonous ocean
If it will only kill you

Not all the ones you've lost is a lost
They were a lesson and a blessing
Wrapped in pain to thicken your skin
Not all the ones you've lost is a lost
Some roads you took you may not return
Doesn't mean nothing
'cause it led you where you are today

You've been sailing
You've heard love whisper to you in the night waves
You've shown chivalrous

But you can't deny how ocean leads you to a storm

You've been driving
You missed the road signs to L.A
You need to go, you should
Turn around or find a way
To a new city for a new start

Not all the ones you've lost is a lost
They were a lesson and a blessing
Wrapped in pain to thicken your skin
Not all the ones you've lost is a lost
Some roads you took you may not return
Doesn't mean nothing
'cause it led you where you are today

Don't you lose your faith
Don't you lose your hope
'Cause when you
get lost in the maze of mirrors
break them all and
make room to grow

When you get out,
See all the faces stand there
Treasure them and walk another trip

Sometimes what you've lost is a gain in disguise
They were a lesson and a blessing
Wrapped in pain to thicken your skin
Not all the ones you've lost is a lost
Some roads you took you may not return
Doesn't mean nothing
'cause it led you where you are today



By Ochie DeMeulenaere

FRANGIPANI

‘Cause I love you, hence I leave you
out of everything I run from
in everything I stay for

Every day at 4 pm,
you let a flower off of your fingers
One season it was yellow,
one by one fall down to the ground
Then today it was pink,
and slowly starts fall onto my lap

We don’t avoid change, we just let it grow
No matter if the sun’s awake or the cloud’s crying
You still love to wear green
Our first handshake was rough
Your hand, your skin was rough
I listen to your story of each cracks
And you let me sing a song about us
We had our first kiss,
One night in October,
You tattooed my name on white petals

I am in love with a frangipani
I don’t feel haunted
I am not chased
Frangipani,
Why do we just met now
Why do we just fell in love
After love pierced painful memory
Oh frangipani,
“a gentleman or a lady are you” they asked
I wouldn’t care to care

Let's just swim deeper in our love together to the aisle
Swore our promise forever
Without a glance to them and their suspicion

God has no labels
We only look different but one and pure in love
Will you take me, my frangipani
A hopeless soul in a tired body
Just as you are

ABOUT ME

This is a story about
About me
No this isn't a story about me
But last month I created a Tinder profile...
and an OK cupid profile.
I lied, I also made E harmony profile
I seem desperate I know

This isn't a story about me
But after uploading a profile picture
All three of them asked me to describe myself
A simple question of 'who are you?'
Who am I?
Filling out online dating profile is as
difficult as job interview
You have to make sure what you say is short, clear and
relevant.
But I am excited, I can't wait to see what my future lover
would say about me
Then under 'About me'
I wrote myself as bookworm, outdoorsy, and cat lover.
Keeping it short and cute, right?
Then I started my love adventure
Swiping right and left and see their profiles hoping
anybody would match
Until, I found George, 3.5 miles from me and....
Nothing. Nothing is written on his profile!
I feel fooled. Cheated! What if he got a perfect future
partner without even write a single thing on his profile? If
he does, then what do I have to write 'About Me' for?
I didn't know you don't have to explain yourself to find
love!

FRIEND ZONE

I am a cupid
and my name is friend zone
I shoot arrows between two people
and they'll fall in..
Friend zone

Like Sam and Jane,
When they are going out,
holding hands is as nervous as kissing
but there is no awkwardness, or
faking their characters to impress each other

Can you see how peaceful they could always count on
each other ?
he tells her everything with no filter
and she pours all of her heart her guts,
she'll call him late and night and say goodbye
'thank you for listening, you are the best'

Does Sam hate being called the best- of friend?
Instead of leaving the clothes and see her naked body he
would rather leave all the cheap lies and see her naked
face behind the makeup she puts on to hide from people
He doesn't want to send her dick pics, he wants to show
off his bad puns and incredibly bad rhyming rap lyrics he
wrote

Unlike humans that my cupid friend Love shoots
They're easily thought of sex as a way to proof something
As if love is some kind of deal
But sex is not money, sex is not stamp to seal the deal
The title of the relationship is heavier than building trust

They'd willing to do anything so love could stay
Though sometimes they even try to tie it to them in
bleeding hands

I am a cupid
I shoot arrow between two people
And they'll fall in Friend zone
I let the love grows between them naturally
What kind of love? They'll know

VIRGINIA HELZAINKA



Was born in a unique date that only comes once in four years, Virginia Helzainka is a natural weirdo. Currently enrolled in Ganesha University of Education – Bali, Virginia is studying in English Education Department and focusing on creative writing, she is dreaming of creating a creative hub in the future while also running a cat shelter.

Virginia Helzainka started wetting the ink for poems when she first heard slam poetry. The roar of the poets voicing their minds sent jolts flaming her own. Her first debut in slam poetry was Ubud Writers and Readers Festival Poetry Slam 2016, followed by several other community events.

This book is still far from perfection, therefore feedbacks, comments, suggestions or anything from readers are very much welcome. To reach Virginia you can email her at helzainkaa@gmail.com

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